THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1860.

Published every morning except Monday by The Anderson Intelligencer at 140 West Whitner Street, Anderson, S. C.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER
Published Tuesdays and Fridays

Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1914, at the post office at Anderson, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES

Telephone 321

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

DAILY

One Year	$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Month	.42
One Week	.10

SEMI-WEEKLY

One Year	$1.50
Six Months	.75

The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city.

Look at the printed label on your paper. The date thereon shows when the subscription expires. Notice date on label carefully, and if not correct please notify us at once.

Subscribers desiring the address of their paper changed, will please state in their communication both the old and new addresses.

To insure prompt delivery, complaints of non-delivery in the city of Anderson should be made to the Circulation Department before 9 a. m. and a copy will be sent at once.

All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

ADVERTISING

Rates will be furnished on application.

No tf advertising discontinued except on written order.

The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1915.

And yet a gallon-a-month can get you in a peck of trouble.

—o—

Who will be the Julius Caesar of Italy if she goes to war?

—o—

If silence is golden, Teddy wouldn't know pig iron were he to see it.

—o—

Charleston Boy Tapped.—Headline. We thought they were called kegs.

—o—

The Kaiser should bear in mind that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

—o—

When Italy gets into the war we will expect to see that "fine Italian hand" at work.

—o—

England's Lord Fisher ought to be handy at angling for German submarines.

—o—

Well, since no one has expressed the wish, here's hoping it will prove a safe and sane Fourth.

—o—

City's Sheep Sheared.—Headline in New York paper. New York is pretty good fleecing anyway.

—o—

The per capita wealth of the United States is computed at $1,936. We'd like to know who has our share.

—o—

If wealth is a burden, as they say it is, then why do some rich folks swing on to it as though it were life.

—o—

We would be in favor of pardoning Leo Frank, provided he would sign a contract not to go on the stage or write a book.

—o—

Mount Lassen, out in California, is erupting again. Ought to be a great drawing card to get visitors to the Panama-Pacific Expo.

—o—

Farmers Go In For Potatoes, says a North Calina newspaper headline. In the absence of further information, we surmise they go in the ground for them.

—o—

Columbia is to organize a drama league in the fall. They would have no trouble getting plenty of comedians if they would wait for the convening of the legislature.

—o—

Fashion says the Balkan war gave rise to the Balkan blouse. When Italy draws the sword we suppose it won't be long until we'll be wearing the macaroni trouser legs.

—o—

A Charleston paper speaks of the raids on blind tigers by the sheriff but does not call any names, saying that has not been made public. There are blind reports as well as blind tigers there.

MR. M'GEE'S RAILROAD.

Mr. S. H. McGee of Greenwood is on to a big thing, a new railroad, and we hope he will be able to put it through. We need nother railroad in this part of the State and we need it badly. There are some fine sections of county that are waiting to be developed. They are waiting for the railroad. The railroad is in many respects the beginner of prosperity as well as of civilization.

Mr. McGee has his eyes on that fine section between Greenwood and Johnston. And its fine alright, good soil and virgin timber, beautiful round yellow pine.

But we have been wondering why Mr. McGee wants to carry his road from Greenwood to Augusta. We already have direct connections with Augusta.

What we need is a direct connection with the lower part of South Carolina, with Charleston, with Savannah, and with Florida.

Now it is just about as far from Greenwood to Denmark as it is from Greenwood to Augusta. And what a difference that would make in the railroad business in South Carolina. At Denmark we would touch the Southern to Charleston, the Seaboard to Savannah, and the Coast Line to Orangeburg.

Now whenever any one goes from this part of the world to that part, he has to go round by Augusta or round by Columbia. There is no direct outlet from this section in that direction.

Such a short cut railroad would be a prize that these roads would like jump at like jack fish once it w built. But we think the Seaboa would be the one that would want most, as it would connect their lines to a finish, Denmark to Greenwood and Anderson.

THE IDEAL POLICE CHIEF.

In the death at Greenville Friday night of Capt. R. H. Kennedy passed one of the most gallant gentlemen it has been our pleasure to know. For 25 years he was head of the Greenville police department. He always struck us as the ideal police chief. His general appearance was the most commanding of any officer we ever knew, tall, erect, broad-shouldered and large of frame, with an eagle eye and a countenance that did one good to look upon. While he was firm and unswerving in the performance of duty, he was never cruel, and was only harsh when the other fellow forced him to be. But it was in his bearing that Chief Kennedy impressed one most. He was a prince, but was never given to gush, and to women and children particularly he appeared a Chesterfield. He was such a man that when one beheld him riding his horse at the head of some public parade the onlooker felt a distinct sensation course through his veins, a sensation of pride and admiration.

"Capt. Kennedy was not a communicant, but was a sincere believer in the Christian religion and the greatness and goodness of God Almighty," says the Greenville News. He was more than that. He was absolutely incorruptable. He was braver than a lion, kind-hearted as a saint, true to his friends in the sublimest measure.

There are men, formerly newspaper reporters in Greenville, scattered all the way from Russia's coast to Samoa, who will testify that in those old days Capt. Kennedy was their best and truest friend. A reporter had to but show this gallant officer that he was worthy of confidence, and thereafter he had no fears about not being able to get " on the inside" of any big "story" that was brewing in police circles. No reporter who always toted fair with him can say that Chief Kennedy ever "threw him down" on any story, or ever withheld one fact, though often it was not possible to publish all.

It is with a sense of duty that one who as a reporter never had any trouble getting a "scoop," or "scoring a beat," because he stood four square with the chief and the chief always came clean with him, comes forward and lets drop a tear at this old friend's bier.

The Chef and the Orchestra Leader.

"I should think," remarked Mr. Growcher, "that the chef of this restaurant would be envious of the orchestra leader."

"Why?"

"Because if people don't approve of the food they can make a protest. But they've got to sit up and take the music whether they like it or not."—Washington Star.

At the Font.

Once upon a time a small boy about three years old was taken to the church to be baptized. As soon as he caught sight of the bowl of water in the minister's hand he remembered his antipathy for the bath tub and straightened himself up for the attack.

When the minister approached him, reverently dipping his hand in the water, the little fellow said:

"If you put soap in my eyes I'll bus you open."—National Monthly.

GERMANY AND PUBLIC OPINION

(New York World.)

The Berlin correspondent to The World reports that he has found "no disposition to seek deliberately a conflict with America," and quotes a high official of the government as saying, "Germany is not quite that mad."

The comments of the German newspapers, nevertheless, are generally antagonistic to the United State, and some of them are openly hostile. These comments need not be taken too seriously, however. The German government can change the tone of the German newspapers overnight whenever it is so disposed.

This was shown in the earlier months of the war when German opinion was first mobilized against Russia. Week after week, German newspapers and German writers fixed the responsibility of the conflict upon Russia, and Russia alone. Suddenly it suited the purposes of the government to fasten the blame upon England. Instantly the attitude of the German press toward Russia was softened and the campaign of hate against England began. That campaign has continued without interruption.

German antagonism toward the United States as reflected in the German press is of comparatively recent origin. It all centres around the sale of munitions of war to the allies by American manufacturers, and obviously draws its inspiration from government sources. This sentiment has grown steadily in bitterness, but it can be checked whenever Berlin sees fit to check it by admitting the truth—that there has been no violation of international law in American traffic in munitions of war.

German sentiment need not worry the imperial government. The sentiment to which it owes most consideration is that of the United States, and this sentiment is not only unanimous but ititself-created. No government has had a hand in manufacturing it. It is the deliberate opinion of the American people.

In his despatch to The World from Berlin, Mr. von Wiegand says that "it seems to be pretty generally recognized in this instance that there is a firm hand in President Wilson's velvet glove." That fact cannot be too clearly recognized.

The German government has hitherto been miserably informed about American opinion. It has taken our partisan differences seriously, and has even deluded itself into believing that there would be civil war in the United States if wrose came to worst with Germany. Unless German representatives in this country have failed miserably in the performance of their duty, Berlin must know by this time that the American people are completely united on this issue that President Wilson's policy of strict accountability is their policy, and that his note to Germany is their note. Knowing this, Berlin must know as well that the American people are hoping for a peaceful, honorable settlement of the issue, but that the whole responsibility rests upon the imperial government.

A public sentiment that can be made or unmade by a government means nothing in such a crisis. But a public sentiment that is the voice of 100,000,000 people means everything and the future relations between the United States and Germany depend wholly upon Berlin's ability to understand that meaning.

AMERICAN "GAS BOMBS"

(Augusta Chronicle.)

Americans who have condemned the use of poisonous gases by the Germans are likely to receive with mingled emotions the news that the United States government is conducting a series of experiments at Fort Sheridan, with a chemical bomb, invented by Dr. L. R. Fowzer that the purposes of the bomb is to cause instantaneous death through the rapid diffusion of gaseous poisons, and that the government is thinking of adopting it if the tests demonstrate its success. It is further reported that the chemists of the war department have been working for a year to perfect such a bomb.

It will be recalled that at the last Hague conference the representatives of the United States refused to join in a prohibition of poisonous gases as weapons of war, declaring that asphyxiation was no more inhumane than mutilation, and that gas bombs might really prove to be more merciful than shrapnel as agents of death.

Dr. Fowzer, however, makes no such argument. He aims, he says, to eliminate war by "making war so deadly that men will recoil from it in horror." Yet all the inventors of new modes and implements of slaughter have professed the same laudable purpose.

In view of the unfavorable impression created in this country by the German use of deadly gases, there may be public protests against our government sanctioning the practice. It is possible, however, that all the belligerents will soon have adopted the new weapon, in which case we should be obliged in self-defense to do likewise.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Authentic records show that cinders from a forest fire in the treetops in northern Washington lost fall were carried twenty miles.

The emperor of Japan is the representative of a dynasty which claims to have possessed the throne since B. C. 660.

The official inventory of the clocks at Windsor Castle fills two large volumes and contains entries of 200 timepieces.

To prevent any shade of blue from fading soak for two hours in a pail of water, to which one ounce of sugar of lead has been added. Then be sure to dry well before washing and ironing.

All hunters know that the stag weeps and it is asserted that the bear sheds tears when severely wounded. The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it.

In Corfu sheets of paper pass for money; one sheet buys one quart of rice, or twenty sheets a piece of hemp cloth.

Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

Moles, clumsy and almost blind, become perfect demons when they quarrel. No one knows what they quarrel about, but when once they start fighting one has to die.

Want a safe candlestick? Drive a small nail into the bottom of a candle to make it float upright, then place in a tumbler of water.

The highest temperature ever known in a human being was recorded in the case of an Italian recently. A victim of lung disease, his temperature was 138.

The coldest inhabited country is said to the Province of Werchojanak, in Siberia. The daily mean temperature of the entire year is 2.74 degrees below zero.

ABOUT THE STATE.

Horses En Route.

Agents of the allies are not yet through with their purchases of horses in America, judging from shipments which have passed through Greenville. On Sunday a train of 17 cars, cars, each car containing 30 horses, passed through this city en route to Newport News where the animals will be transshipped to France. This was the second trainload of horses to pass through Greenville within the past few days. It is understood that the horses that passed Sunday came from Texas. Casual investigation gave one the impression that the animals were of good stock, and capable of making first class food for German cannon.—Greenville News.

Growing Strawberries.

Strawberries have been very plentiful in Abbeville this season, and as always have been very delightful to the taste. The berries are selling now for two quarts for a quarter. Mr. John Duncan was in town several days ago and brought with him 40 quarts and then said he had only gone over hlaf of his bed. Mrs. George White gathered a bushel from her bed on Friday, while Mrs. Oscar Cochran has sold $18 worth of berries from a bed of six rows.—Abbeville Press and Banner.

Trees Are Cheap.

You often hear the remark from some man that he would give a hundred dollars to have a nice tree in his front yard. Not all of them stop to think that there is a way to put a nice tree in the front yard. Large sized trees can be replanted at much less expense than $100, and it is being done right now in many places throughout this and adjoining communities.—York News.

Pride of Firemen.

Lou and Herb, the famous Iowa horses owned by the Marion fire department arrived Saturday afternoon for the tournament, and are quartered at the stables on Maxwell avenue. Another notable animal is the Bishopville educated horse and still another is "Prince," the 22-year-old colt from Columbia. Prince took first money at Florence last year.—Greenwood Journal.

WIT AND HUMOR.

How to Make Fat Ones.

Anna Carlson's advice: "If you want a baby girl to grow into a big, buxom woman, just name her Dot, Fairy, or Dolly."—Kansas City Star.

Doing Fairly Well.

Mrs. William Evans had the misfortune to fall in her home last Friday. She is recovering from the effects, but it pretty well jarred up.—Hamilton (N. Y.) Republican.

Where Death Never Calls.

"Is Loneville a healthy place?"

"Healthy? Why, they'll have to kill the the population on Judgment Day."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Outrageously Funny.

"I'll never again invite that professional humorist to dinner," exclaimed Mrs. Newlyriche. "Why, he made our English butler laugh."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christian Assemblage.

George Christian and family and William Christian and family attended the Christian reunion at Grandma Christian's in Otterbein all day Thursday.—Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.

Practical Pa.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir, is willing to trust me: why can't you?

Her Father—She doesn't care how much a thing costs, and I do.—Boston Transcript.

Her First Pie.

Mrs. McBride—Oh, John, don't cut your pie with a knife.

McBride—Huh! You ought to be thankful that I don't call for a can-opener.—Boston Transcript.

Easy Money.

Mr. Meekly—Our neighbor's son is always thrashing my boy. What shall I do about it?

Lawyer—Teach him how to fight. Ten dollars, please.—Boston Transcript.

Wonderful Man!

The man who can pass a dog fight without stopping to rubber possesses a brand of dignity seldom seen outside of a lunatic asylum.—Forest (Ga.) News.

Unseemly Delay.

No agent has been around yet soliciting orders for a History of the Great European War. "Why," asks Charles M. Harger, "this delay?"—Kansas City Star.

She Knows Her Worth.

From his better half Benedict got this advice early in the course of matrimony: "When in doubt listen to me; when not in doubt listen to me anyway."—Atlanta Journal.

The Part Cotton Plays In Powder-Making

One thing that has not been considered in its influence on cotton values is the tremendous use of guncotton by reason of war. All the powder made in the United States is manufactured out of guncotton. The same statement is true as regards Russia, France and Germany. About 70 per cent. of the powder made in England is manufactured out of guncotton. From 50 to 70 per cent. of the powder made in Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Norway is made of guncotton. For making powder linters are preferred to the cotton of commerce. Linters are the parts of the fiber that adhere to the seed after the ginning. There are machines not only for cutting this fiber from the seed, but, later, for shaving from the seed what remains of the fuzzy stuff. The powder-maker takes these fragments of cotton and chops and grinds them up into particles so small that not one is more than three one-hundredths of an inch in length, and than treats them with nitric and sulphuric acid. Then, he washes them and gives another treatment to them, this time the dose being of ether and alcohol. That makes powder and for practically every pound of linters used one pound of powder is the result. In America there are five great powder plants. Two,—those at Dover, N. J., and Indian Head on the Potomac,—are owned by the government. Three,—those at Karney's Point, opposite Wilmington, Del., and those at Parlin, N. J., and Haskell, N. J.,—are owned by private interests. The normal output of the American powder mills is 10,000,000 pounds a year. The extreme capacity is about 15,000,000 pounds. That means 30,000 bales of linters.

Europe's powder making capacity is from ten to twenty times as great as that of America. It is possible for Europe to produce perhaps 300,000,000 pounds of powder in one year. If linters were used in all this powder-making it would amount to 600,000 bales of linters required by Europe. There is a suspicion that Europe is making and using all the powder it can. If that suspicion is warranted 450,000 bales of linters would not be an excessive estimate to make for this account. If the powder people have not linters at hand they undoubtedly will turn to cotton. It necessitates more chopping, but that does not signify if the need is great. Some of the cotton bought by foreign agents recently probably will be shot away in rifles and big guns before the war ends. Recent newspaper reports indicate large orders for guncotton for the belligerent governments.

It is the gun of large caliber that eats up cotton. In the firing of a 12-inch gun 300 pounds of powder are required. That means 300 pounds of cotton. One shot of a 12-inch gun requires as much powder as 42,000 shots of the rifle an infantry-man uses, or 150 shots from an ordinary field gun. It is in a sea fight that cotton comes into its own, however. Theoretically it is possible for a battleship in firing all its gun to use 5,000 to 6,000 pounds of powder a minute,—that is ten to twelve bales of cotton.

Linters are used in a multitude of manufactures and there is a demand for all that are put on the market, so, in a broad sense, all the guncotton used in powder-making in this war means that much less for commerce.—From "The Improved Otulook for Cotton," by Richard Spillane, in the American Review of Reviews for March.

A Young Logician.

Sunday School Teacher—William, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sins?

William—Sin.—Judge.

Literary Note.

"There is hack work and hack work," said the literary man. "Think of what I get for mine and what the haskman gets."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Before Gunga's Day.

Amateur parlor entertainers could not have been quite so bad in the old days, before they had Gunga Dhin to recite.—Ohio State Journal.

Never'll Forget It.

"When I left home as a lad," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had $10 in my pocket."

"You'll never forget that day."

"No, sir. It's the only time that I have felt that I could settle upon a moment's notice and be absolutely sure my assets would cash in for more than my liabilities."—Washington Star.

Helen Rowland says a husband is not one of the things money won't buy. Who wants to buy a husband, Helen? One of our subscribers would like to know.—Toledo Blade.